VOL. I.—No. 8. MANCHESTER, Saturday, September 12, 1868 Price One Penny.

"So, so;—well done! well done!"
CYMBELINE.

When feeling neither hot nor cold,
When reigns the frost or rules the sun,
We proudly Gee's rare hat behold,
And often cry "well done, well done!"
How soft it feels! how well it fits!
We joy that art so much has won,
And as upon the head it sits,
Gaily we cry "well done, well done!"

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THE SPHINX: a Journal of Humour and Criticism.

Contents of No. 6.—August 29th.

1.—On the Rialto: III.
2.—Children and Sermons.
3.—Ben Lange.
4.—London Papers: 3. The Standard.
5.—The Grand Duchess at the Royal.
6.—The Schiller-Anstalt.
7.—A Bit of Local Natural History.
8.—Gee's Puffer Out-Puffed.

The Manchester Shoddy Exchange—Passages from the Earthly Paradise—Where are the Pulses?—Trees in Large Towns—An American in Scotland.

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5.—Peter Skelton's Political Creed.
6.—At the Moorfield Gardens.
7.—To the Windsor Chapel Brawlers.
8.—The Independents' Court of Appeal.

Tennyson and the Queen—The late Editor of the Saturday Review—Pensarn from another Point of View—Use and Misuse of Words.

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TWENTY MINUTES WITH ICONOCLAST.

WE were listening to "ICONOCLAST" on Sunday evening. The godfathers and godmothers who were good enough to bestow upon Iconoclast the extraordinary name which a few days ago appeared at the top of a gigantic poster, evidently knew what they were about. It is such a capital name—for its purpose, that one can easily understand that the bearer of it was his own godfather and godmother rolled into one, and that the undeniable merit of the cognomen of Iconoclast, as an advertising medium, belongs to its sole and exclusive proprietor, Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, without whose signature, &c., no Iconoclast is genuine, and to imitate which is felony," and all that. The pundits tell us that the term Iconoclast means "Image breaker," but why Mr. Charles Bradlaugh calls himself an image breaker,—what images he has broken, or what images he wants to break doth not appear. Nobody will suspect him of a mania for throwing stones at those swarthy Italians who carry about upon their heads sixpenny Apollos in Paris plaster, or parrots at a penny a piece, or, for that matter, parrots at threepence. If it isn't parrots, what is it? It is said that the term Iconoclast derives from the old Puritanical times, and belongs to the "Praise God Barebones" category, but why an orator who has so little spiritual affinity with "Praise God Barebones," a gentleman whose vocal performances of sacred music were said to be powerful enough to "draw two souls out of one weaver," should owe his name to the Roundheads is as great a perplexity as parrots. After all, the advertising theory may be correct, and the title of Iconoclast assumed by a public lecturer may operate pretty much as Puff's device in the comedy, where the clock strikes thrice at the rise of the curtain "to beget"—as Puff put it—to "beget an awful attention in the audience." Judging by what we sometimes hear of Iconoclast, we think we may take it for granted that, like the clock in the comedy, he does occasionally beget "an awful attention in the audience." It is only fair to say, however, that he didn't happen to do it on Sunday evening.

Although, like Boucicault, Iconoclast appeals to the public through a "sensation header," we must believe that he is amongst the things which are not generally known. We, certainly, are not about to write his biography. Still, as it is a kind of hospitable duty to pay our respects to each, more or less, illustrious stranger that may honor our Free Trade Hall with a Sunday engagement, we may as well say a word or two about our latest visitor. Let us just say, in a syllable, that we do not impute any impropriety to a lecturer, who has adopted a class of subjects of which society is not yet passionately fond, in getting behind such an alias as Iconoclast. It is as harmless as the alias of "A Constant Reader," or "Sigma," or "The Devil on Two Sticks," common to the columns of every newspaper; and, moreover, if the disguise enables "the treasury" to snow white instead of snowing brown, he may well disregard the disparaging inuendo, that the lecture, besides being an agency for instructing the people, is somewhat of an exhibition into the bargain.

The tall posters we have referred to announced that Iconoclast would deliver no fewer than three lectures in one day—that in the morning "on the High Church;" that in the afternoon "on the Progress of Heresy;" and that in the evening "on the Political Crisis, and the Political Future of England." As for the Irish Church, everybody lectures about that. Everybody we mean in Great Britain and Ireland, not forgetting the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man. We were surprised to learn, therefore, that quite a number of people went to hear what Iconoclast,—who, on the subject of churches in general, is of an original way of thinking,—had to say upon this omnipresent Irish Church question. We didn't go. Having on the previous evening personally assisted, as they call it, at the discussion of that question at a somewhat agitated meeting in Chorlton Road, and having been an eye-witness to the effect which a *mitraille* of macadam, playfully directed at a platform of Mr. Murphy's supporters, exercised upon the argument, and seen, as an instantaneous consequence of this, a picturesque assortment of bloody noses, we did not care to pursue the subject. As for "the Progress of Heresy," it is to be doubted if even Iconoclast could say anything new about that to persons familiar with the views of Dr. Darwin and Bishop Colenso. To bring news of this kind to Manchester, is a mere affair of carrying coals to Newcastle. We had a notion that anything Iconoclast could say on such a subject that was new, wouldn't be true; and anything that was true, wouldn't be new. The same thing could be justly said as to the lecturer's opinion about the Political Crisis, as we discovered in the course of the evening.

The Hall was about three-parts full, and the audience consisted of well-dressed and well-behaved persons. The air was tropical—so much so that, owing to the state of the thermometer, combined, perhaps, with a little political enthusiasm, two or three short and notably obese sympathisers took off their coats, and enjoyed the lecture in their shirt sleeves. The meeting, as we have said, looked exceedingly respectable, and contained even more than the usual proportion of—well, the fair sex. The aspect of the platform would have gratified even Miss Lydia Becker. A row of front seats to the left hand of the chairman—a rather graceful and aristocratic-looking gentleman—was entirely occupied by ladies. Ladies, we fancy, who came from Bolton, and Bury, and Middleton, and Rochdale, or thereabouts. The Hall was very hot and bright, and agreeable to see. In front of the galleries and platform a few bold placards, by way of banners, invited the attention of the audience. The legend of one set of the banners was to the effect that the Secular Hymn-book could be had for fourpence. The other legend, owing to a typographical eccentricity, appeared to announce

THE PRINCIPLES OF
ONE PENNY
SECULARISM.

The printer probably meant to say that a book describing the principles of Secularism could be purchased for one penny. Presently we found out that the bookstall was located below the platform where the reporters usually sit. A form was placed beside this philosophical repository, on which reposed the custodian of the lucubrations mentioned above, as well as, we should suppose, copies of those bolder speculations into which Iconoclast occasionally rushes, such as "Has man a soul," and the like. We are afraid that the guardian and vendor of this literature had personally attended every one of the three lectures. They appeared to have got the better of him. Whether he had been subject to severe internal struggles, and had found the lecturer's problems what Byron would call "something craggy to break his mind upon," we do not know, but the gentleman was in his shirt sleeves, and lay at full length on his back on the form, gazing with an inquiring but weary eye at the plaster ornaments on the lofty ceiling. We wondered whether the prostrate form of our fellow-countryman—we assume that he was our fellow-countryman—from the neighbourhood of Mumps, probably,—was typical of the exhaustion to which the three courses of Iconoclastic oratory had reduced the earlier congregations. Judging by what we heard, we came to the conclusion that Iconoclast was an orator who required relays of congregations, and that it was safest to take him by instalments. We rather wondered why this exhausted seller of hymn books was not placed upon a stretcher, and carried by surrounding Samaritans into an adjoining committee room, where he could take his forty winks in the retirement of private life. We had a passing notion that if this fashion of listening to a discourse were adopted in chapels and churches, and a weary worshipper could lie on his back in a pew during the sermon with a castor over his face to keep the flies off, we should hear no more grumbling in the *Times* about long and stupid sermons. We must begin somewhere, and the beginning appears to have been made at the Free Trade Hall on Sunday last. Standing in front of the platform by the chairman's table, Iconoclast is a rather remarkable person. To begin with, there is a great deal of him. He is as big as a dragoon or a grenadier, and, looking at him, you rather wonder how he has been missed by the recruiting sergeant. The Great Frederick, who had a passion for overgrown soldiers, would have been sure to have had him, for love or money. His face and head produce a curious impression of insurmountable juvenility. It is a man's face and a boy's face; and yet it is neither, and yet it is both. It suggests a case of mysteriously-arrested development. The effect of his countenance is scarcely "canny." An abnormally long, stiff upper-lip, and a sudden recession of the lower, makes the mouth of Iconoclast—well, queer. After looking hard at him for a while, you fancy you have seen somebody of whom he reminds you. We found it out at last. It is Mr. J. L. Toole, the comedian, and just a hint of Oliver Goldsmith. Still it is impossible to get over the impression that Iconoclast will always look like a great schoolboy, absurdly exaggerated. When he talks, this impression is somewhat modified. To Lancashire folk

it is not easy to understand how his talk can ever be very agreeable. He speaks with a broad cockney accent, indigenous, we should fancy, to the east of London. The clear, round, frank pronunciation of Lancashire men may not be perfect English, but, in comparison, the London brogue of Iconoclast is detestable. Having heard of him as a practical lecturer, accustomed to public audiences for many years, we expected to listen to a fairly clear enunciation, but on Sunday he reminded us of the practice attributed to Demosthenes, who, in order to mend his articulation, recited his speeches by the sea shore with pebbles in his mouth. It is possible that Iconoclast may have done the like, but he appears to have had some difficulty in getting rid of the pebbles. In the beginning and in the middle of his speeches he is often perfectly audible, but he has a trick of making a rush at the end of a sentence, and the audience are obliged to take its meaning for granted. They took much for granted on Sunday evening. The voice of Iconoclast is less a voice than a roar. A harsh, scolding, very uncomfortable roar. Of course he would help it if he could, at least it is civil to suppose so. We are a little curious to describe him, because he told the meeting that he is going to be member of parliament for Northampton. As to the matter of the lecture, we will only say that anybody who is at all familiar with the stock reform arguments of the last thirty years, knows them by heart. Iconoclast has the reputation of being a plain speaker. He is a plain speaker. He described certain members of the aristocracy as scoundrels, and others as donkeys. That, we presume, is the character of the vocabulary which the electors of Northampton are expected to enable him to carry into the House of Commons. He bullies the audience after the manner of a small Roebuck, and they let him do it. At least, when he made an imputation of wholesale political cowardice against those who heard him on Sunday evening, they didn't hoot him off the platform. They were merely silent. It seems to us that Iconoclast is the incarnation of commonplace, with a good memory, plenty of effrontery, but distinctly belonging to an order of public talkers which, in spite of the temporary resurrection of the Murphy manner, is becoming rapidly extinct.

A NEW VIEW OF HALF-HOLIDAYS.

NOW that beadles are nearly as scarce as dodos, mayors seem to have insisted upon occupying the most prominent position in public estimation, as caterers for the amusement of their admiring fellow-citizens. No matter how dull a dog a municipal possibility may be previous to investiture, the mayoral chain appears to confer upon its wearer an inevitable and unknown capacity for producing any quantity of wise sayings and bad jokes. The present Lord Mayor of London shines in this way, as a lord mayor should. He certainly does his best to outrival the brightest attempts of the long line of enlightened fishmongers and intellectual bellows-menders who have filled the civic chair. His most recent attempt in this way was upon the occasion of the trial of two boys, aged eleven and thirteen, for forgery. The Lord Mayor said it was a deplorable fact that so many youths were now being brought up for so able-bodied a crime, in which—a natural inference—it was particularly desirable that adults only should indulge. Likewise he informed the audience that, when he and the prosecuting solicitor were boys, such offences by mere lads were never committed—an official statement which should increase our respect for a virtuous ancestry, and go a good way towards proving the theory of degeneration of species. This is all very well and quite unobjectionable. If the Lord Mayor had contented himself with this justifiable expression of regret, we should simply have been left with a delightful impression that his Lordship must have been a particularly nice little boy to go to school with, and that the gentleman who superintended his education had forbidden the perusal of the *Newgate Calendar*, and similar seductive publications. But when we find that "he (the Lord Mayor) wondered whether the custom of half-holidays had anything to do with the matter, affording, as it did, to the young temptations to extravagance," we are afraid we must conclude that the present Lord Mayor has managed to exceed any of his predecessors in the public exhibition of magisterial intelligence and of a cute perception of the connection between cause and effect. We must have been labouring under a frightful mistake in Manchester hitherto. We have had a foolish idea that the Saturday half-holiday was rather a good invention. Some deluded persons have positively been trying to get up a celebration of the anniversary of the commencement of the movement. Bless the Lord Mayor! and may he be speedily enabled to take a good long holiday from his magisterial duties, and escape all contingent temptations to forgery, extravagance, and Sabbath breaking.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE MURPHYS.—Send the Peelers after them.

GENERAL ELECTION RACES.

TRAINING INTELLIGENCE.

THE interest in these races increases throughout the country. Many of the favourites, who are considered pretty sure to win, are now enjoying some rest, after the severe work of the season. Prime Minister is at his quarters with the yokels in Bucks, and has done no work in public. We believe that Don John has been to Scotland, to recruit, with Buliehillie, before commencing his Birmingham preparation. The stable is making great efforts to be first, second, and third in the race. Of Don John's winning, there can be no doubt; but whether they will be able to land the whole three, is doubtful. Demosthenes, after a rest at Hawarden, has paid a visit to Ince, and had a sort of private trial with Wild Blundell's Roman horses. At Huntingdon, the old General, who has won the Cup for so many years, has retired from the Turf, and been turned out to grass. The Cambridgeshire Stakes will be keenly contested, and Her Majesty's Comptroller and Lord George, from Belvoir, are hard at work. Bob Whitehead will run for the London University Cup, and his winning may be considered a certainty. Foreign Sec. has been entered for the Edinburgh Cup; but, as it is without the knowledge or consent of his owner, it is doubtful whether he will start, and he may be reserved for King's Lynn, where he is sure to win. We annex some items of intelligence from the various training grounds in this neighbourhood.

NORTH-WEST LANCASHIRE. — This contest promises to be a very exciting one. At present three candidates are in the field—the old horse the Colonel, who has won it so many years over the old course, the Young Duke, and Knowsley. The Colonel is almost sure to win again, and will receive support from both sides; but the struggle between the Young Duke and Knowsley is expected to be very severe. These horses are the representatives of the great Devonshire and Derby stables. The Young Duke, by Chatsworth out of Alma Mater, is well known in North Lancashire, and was privately trained at Holkar. He has won this race several times before the course was altered. He is a handsome young horse, and, with the blood of all the Capulets and Montagues in his veins, he is considered to be the hope of the Whig party, when the present leading favourite's days are over. The Young Duke is well known on the St. Stephen's race course, where he is a great favourite; and the enormous amount of money behind him puts him in a conspicuous position on all occasions. He is not particularly showy in his paces, but gets over the ground well. Several attempts have been made at various times by ambitious Dowagers to nobble him, but the horse is wary, and difficult to catch, and no one has been able to share his strawberry leaves with him yet. He is a playful, good-tempered horse, and gets quite skittish—we had almost said *Skittleish* at times. He has been doing some strong work lately, and will now be indulged for a short time. Knowsley, by Hotspur, is own brother to the well-known Foreign Sec. He does not seem to possess any of the fire and dash of his famous sire, and, like his brother, he is understood to be partial to liberal courses. He is connected with the Clarendon stable, which probably increases such tendencies. In appearance, Knowsley resembles his big brother, although built on a smaller scale. He won the Preston Cup in 1865, and afterwards went up to St. Stephen's, and has lately taken up his quarters at the Admiralty.

SOUTH-EAST LANCASHIRE.—A new candidate for this event has come out to run with Worsley, a horse bred in Manchester, named Snowdrop. This horse was formerly known as Jud Edry, so called by his friends, from a peculiar nasal sound he made when at exercise. Jud, or Snowdrop, as he is now called, is by old Harry, a former winner of this race; consequently, he is own brother to the colt who is in training for the Manchester Cup. Snowdrop is the elder of the two, but the other is the

superior animal. Although brought up together, they represent quite different interests. Snowdrop is a rat-tailed horse, and has lately changed his coat. Having taken up his quarters in Scotland, he changed hands, and got mixed up with the Earl of Galloway's interests. At the election for Wigtownshire he made what running he could for that nobleman's horse Garlies, who got defeated, and Snowdrop was not considered up to much. There is plenty of money behind him, but, on his merits, we should think both Red Tape and Yates could beat him easily. The latter has returned from India, and will go into training at once. Snowdrop has worked with Worsley before, when they ran together in the Volunteer races. That his owner is ambitious of social and racing honours, there can be no doubt; but he is not class enough for this contest. Of his staying powers we have no knowledge, and think, perhaps, the best way to have proved his possession of them would have been for him to *stay* at home.

MANCHESTER CUP.—The two old horses have been doing very little lately, but the Old Harry colt has continued to do very strong work, almost daily. He is led in his gallops by Signature, but his opponents say that that horse is more likely to mislead him than to do him any good. Of that we know nothing, which appears to be about as much as anyone else knows. The field promises to be large, and there will be a scramble for the third place. There has been some talk of bringing out the grey horse, The Viscount, from Heaton Park, but it does not seem likely. He is a well bred horse, standing very high on his legs and well known in the town from his connection with the Volunteers, but he is better known at Melton, where he has a great reputation with the hounds and as a steeple-chaser. Another new candidate has appeared, called Pot8os. He is a gross coarse-bred horse, and is a nuisance on any ground, as his appearance is always a prelude to a disturbance. He was examined by the Veterinary Surgeon Vowler last week, who after a consultation sent him to the hospital at Belle Vue. He was, however, speedily discharged, and did some good rough work last Saturday in Chorlton Road. Pot8os has no earthly chance, and we consider his candidature a farce.

SALFORD CUP,—All four horses are now in active training, and have been doing work at several places. The Engineer and Champagne Charlie have been in public several times, and their supporters in public-houses. Champagne Charlie seems to be as frisky as his name denotes, and if he is as good a galloper as it appears he is a swimmer, it will take a good one to beat him. The Stalybridge Infant and Stockbroker had a good gallop with Jacobite last week, and pleased their supporters. The Infant was actually playful and facetious, and kicked up his heels as nimbly as his namesake the great Samivel himself can do on occasions.

MID-CHESHIRE STAKES.—There will not be the usual walk-over for this race, and a young horse, Tablet, will oppose the Tatton horses. If Tablet is as long-winded as the address which has ushered him into notice is, he will have no difficulty in staying the course. Although himself quite the Cheshire cheese, his chief support comes from the urban districts, and his owner thinks that the £12 extra which Will Braham (no relation to the vocalist) and Cornwall have to carry, will give Tablet a great chance. He is by De Tablet, long connected with the Court, but never much of a racer himself.

THE BURY CUP.—At Bury where party spirit runs remarkably high, it has formerly been oftener a contest between certain families than a race to decide political racing merits. This time there will be two candidates totally opposed to each other. The first is Bury Bob, who won it last time by defeating Red Tape, who is to contest the South Lancashire Stakes along with Bob's own relative Yates. Wonders never cease. Bob's opponent is Chelsea Buns, from the metropolis, and if he makes as much noise as his old namesake used to do in Manchester streets, it will be bellows to mend before the race is over. Chelsea Buns on one occasion contested the Middlesex Cup, but was defeated.

STOCKPORT CUP.—There are now five horses entered for this race. Old Jabez, Railroad, by Hocuspokus out of Scrip, Vi lambrosa, Tripping, and a dark horse from Rochdale, called Boshworth, brought out by the teetotallers. Railroad has been in receipt of (K)nightly honours at the Tory Committee Rooms and public offices, which has caused some surprise. These favours are supposed to be given to him for certain services rendered to the party in the Reform races, and a desire to repeat them in the Suspensory race last season. He was, however pulled on that occasion and his intention defeated. In appearance Railroad strongly resembles The Expender, and, curiously enough, there are other points of similarity, as they respectively won the Yarmouth and Totnes Cups, and were both disqualified after investigation.

THE REV. T. G. LEE.

AN evening visitor to the half rural alleys of Seedley or the vaccine purlieus of Cross Lane, may not unfrequently meet with an elderly gentleman, wearing a white neckcloth, whiskers meeting at the chin and breaking into an incipient beard, spectacles, a walking stick, and garments of a kind generally pertaining to one who wears a white neckcloth, spectacles, and a walking stick which is carried for use and not for ornament. Frequently he may be met in Salford, or in the busy streets of Manchester, or at the bedside of the poor, sick, and infirm, but it is during a meditative walk he affords the most fitting subject for a full length portraiture, and here we will attempt to give a sketch of him. He is apparently about sixty years of age, and time has marked its advances on him by slightly stiffening one leg, making the walking stick a necessity. His eyes are commonly bent on the ground, as if he were dreaming of another world than this, and when he lifts his head to look at the passer-by, a decidedly kindly look and a genial face meet the gaze. Should you have lost your way, and stop him to inquire how the maze may be unravelled, his reply gives you the impression of a gentle and courteous disposition in the owner of it, and ten to one he will walk some distance with his interrogator with the kindly object of putting him on the right path. Other than a close observer will see nothing in him but what is benevolent and thoroughly paternal. The general aspect is that of a Nonconformist minister, but the buttonless waistcoat of black corded silk betrays ecclesiastical sympathies. The costume is a half breed between church and dissent, as if the owner had made a vestmental concession to Puseyism, and stopped the process before he reached the nether garments. His eyes are quick and sharp, sparkling with an intelligent though hasty light, but these do not tell the whole of the character. The nervous marks about the mouth show something of a tetchy and wayward nature, and the mouth itself is hard, rough, and obstinate in its outlines. When you have said good bye, you are convinced he is an Independent, in more than one sense. You feel that he is a good man and a gentleman at bottom, but the nervous hesitancy of speech, which may be an accident, the lines about the mouth and the mouth itself, convince you that he will not be driven from his point by a slight matter. They are marks which the old Adam has made, and which recent events have no doubt deepened.

This is the Rev. T. G. Lee, or as he is familiarly known in Salford "T. G. Lee." It is sometimes a happy sign of popular familiarity when a man's title is dropped in speaking of him, and sometimes it is an unhappy one. As the young ensign said when he was rebuked for speaking of General Wolfe as Wolfe, we "never say General Cæsar or General Alexander." But this kind of thing has its limits. "Dizzy" is hardly a reverent title for a premier, nor, to come to the clergy, was "Jotty Bruks" a happy designation for a chaplain of the Manchester

Collegiate Church. So this may mean either one thing or the other in the present case, but whatever it *does* mean, it is certainly the ordinary appellation of Mr. Lee. It is not at this moment alone one hears the name mentioned, it has been so for years. "T. G. Lee" was the best known person in Salford, saving and except Canon Stowell, for a long time before the gates at Windsor Bridge Chapel were attacked, or before Mr. Trafford had an opportunity of speaking a little bit of his mind to Mr. Cottingham. It says a great deal in favour of Mr. Lee, that whilst his Nonconformist principles could never be questioned, his sympathies were wide enough to secure the respect of hundreds outside his own communion. Churchmen were generally very well disposed towards him, and between Mr. Stowell and himself a very particular friendship existed. Even Roman Catholics, who in an ecclesiastical sense are not profuse in dealing out respect out of their own body, or are still less munificent in working with Protestants of the Protestants in social matters which touch the border land of religion, could and have worked with Mr. Lee. The explanation does not indeed require to be hunted up. It lies on the surface. Hear Mr. Lee in the pulpit or on the platform, and you have it at once. A friendly, fatherly style of delivery; a kindly nature when the buttonless black corded silk vest is not touched, information broad and sometimes deep, considerable earnestness of manner, a readiness to co-operate with any community, regardless of church or chapel arrangements, when church and chapel arrangements are not affected—all these qualities beget respect, irrespective of sect or class, and though we may assert that they show part of a man, it may also be assumed that they do not show the whole of him.

An English classic tells us that geniuses "at home" are generally the most disagreeable people in the world. See them at a dinner, warmed with generous liquids, hear them set the table in a roar, watch the merry twinkle of the eye, listen to the rich chuckle with which they enjoy a joke, and you will think them the merriest, kindliest, most honest, and best natured people in the world. Follow them home, and you will find they can set the table in a roar there also, but in a fashion which is not agreeable to musical ears. Their fancies and humours, their whims and oddities are crossed, ay, as quickly as you can cross two sticks, and the genius at home is commonly a very different person from the genius in another man's house. How do you account for this? Probably on the principle that a radical lord is the proudest being on earth, and the children of a bishop the most stuck-up creatures in creation. There is no means of really accounting for it. We merely see and record the fact as a fact, which belongs perhaps to philanthropists and to other orders than geniuses. Here is Mr. Lee, to whom anyone that meets him casually, anyone that hears him in the pulpit or on the platform, anyone that looks on his benevolent perpendicular hair, will give an apostolic certificate of character; yet he is always in hot water with his congregation. Tradition has it, that for the five-and-twenty years he has been at Windsor Bridge Chapel, he has completely changed his congregation four times, and the last time some of his congregation literally threatened to pull his chapel about his ears. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Mr. Lee possesses the unenviable merit of being notorious, which is a very different thing from being well known. He is the only minister in the district who has been hooted by his own congregation. His is the only place of worship whose gates have been burglariously attempted by the men who had hitherto kept the hinges well oiled and the locks in good repair. How did the *imbroglio* arise? Who is in fault? Perhaps it is impossible to tell, and if it were easy to explain, the public would care little about the particulars. The thing which concerns them is a row between a minister and his congregation, to the great scandal not only of religion but of morality. If it be insisted that the congregation is in fault, it ought not to be forgotten that Mr. Lee has been their tutor, their teacher, "their guide, philosopher, and friend," for many years, and the inference is plain that they have either profitted by his lessons or have not done so. Has he taught them to be pugnacious, captious, belligerent, and rebellious? Really, this view presents itself very forcibly to the observer. But suppose it is wholly the fault of the congregation, suppose Mr. Lee to be a thoroughly ill-used man, suppose he has been preaching to the "veriest raff," as Mr. Bennet elegantly terms them, and has only about quarter converted them, leaving the rest of their disposition to be the prey of the world, the flesh, and—something else—still there is an old Hebrew writer with whose precepts Mr. Lee is familiar, who emphatically declares that "the servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient."

If we turn to Windsor Bridge Chapel, Salford, we have what is literally a "striking" comment on this disciplinary test of practical religion. The time is a bright summer Sunday morning, the hour a little before the "sweet church chimes" call the faithful to prayer. A band of "faithful brothers" is seen wending their way to the chapel, headed by their equally faithful pastor, and they "take possession" of the school room. A body of police is in reserve ready at call. With the strategic ability of a fighting ecclesiastic of the olden time, the "pastor" posts his forces. The stalwart and youthful are on duty at the gate, others garrison the chapel and school room and keep watch at the windows till everything is ready for a siege. By and by the "raff" gather, the deacons of the church, with the Sunday scholars, take a swinging run at the gates, but are beaten back by the police. They salute their beloved leader with the title of Beelzebub, and pelt him with stones. He calmly raises a prayer, and amidst the clash of praise, cursing, stone throwing, and whisker pulling, the shindy ends for the morning, only to be renewed at night, to be supplemented again by an appearance at the police court. Could any thing in church-rate history or tithe gathering in Ireland be more disgraceful? Then the police court application fails in the first instance, but the "pastor" is not to be baffled. He renews the magisterial conflict in a few days, and Mr. Trafford, who is sometimes in the habit of calling a spade a spade, says he "cannot conceive a more discreditable scene on both sides." Would that, like the recording angel who took a note of uncle Toby's oath, we could also drop a tear upon the history, and blot it out for ever. Would that we could be pityful and sweep away the whole affair with feathers from the wing of the archangel of mercy. But there it stands. Is it not written in the Book of Trafford? Mr. Lee must be held to be accountable for it, and though we may pardon him on the ground that the good man falleth seven times a day, we can hardly excuse a good man who falls for seventy days together, dropping down continually into an abyss of mud, stones, broken windows, policemen's staves, and the other accomplishments of Mr. Bennet's "raff." The truth seems to be that Mr. Lee is like Colonel Jack Lilburne, of whom it was said that when nothing else was left to fight about, Lilburne would fight with Jack and Jack with Lilburne. But there are abundant materials in Salford on which a man might exercise his pugnacity, without calling in the aid of the police, and if Mr. Lee is in doubt about the proper quarter where he should administer legitimate doses of Christianity, let him address a note to the *Sphinx* and he shall have a reply.

NECESSITAS NON HABET LEG-ES.

A Blackburn spinner, hearing the Sphinx's riddle—"What animal is that which goes on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night," and its answer, "Man," remarked that the riddler could not possibly have included the Lancashire manufacturers, for most of them had not a leg to stand upon.

TOO TRUE, I TROW, SIR!—The poor man's children are domestic bulwarks that are oftentimes hard to *breech*.

A STRETFORD ROAD ODE.

WOULD you learn how the busses come down Stretford Road?
How they load?
And the code
Of those signals by which
Every son of a
Gun of a
Red visaged cad,
Drives the passengers mad,
Or to fever's heat pitch,
Even more irksome, works 'em, by whistles and knocks
To the ruddier old fox, perched aloft on his box.
At all the cad's dodges the willing conniver,
Is that beery old, jeery old, leary old driver.

Would you know how the busses come down Stretford Road?
"You be blowed,"
Is the mode,
They address some stray muff,
Whom for fun,
They make run
Some score yards of the way;
Condescending to stay
After testing his puff.
Should he ask of such treatment the wherefore and why,
"You be blowed," ten to one, is the courteous reply,
As the muff, in a huff, mounts his twopenny eyrie,
Resolving, with bus-cads, of speech to be chary.

Oh! swiftly the busses come down Stretford Road,
Densely stowed.
And they goad
Their teams on, ding-dong.
Poor panting, short-winded,
And much whip-reminded,
And over-worked cattle,
How they toilingly rattle
Their burden along.
No flagging, nor lagging, but on, swift as wind,
When there's Johnson behind, or when Batty's inclined
To dodge them, and nurse them, and passengers thus
To seduce from the regular orthodox bus.

But oh! how they dawdle adown Stretford Road,
When to town,
Have gone down,
All those brisk city men,
Who the first busses catch
For the sake of despatch,
And have bargains contracted,
And much work transacted,
Long enough before ten.
No hurry, no scurry, the "fares" then annoy,
But conductors deploy, at street ends, to decoy
Fubsy dames, so far distant they seem to the eye
Scarce so big as a moderate blue-bottle fly.

What will come of the games which disgrace Stretford Road?
In this ode,
We forbode,
Some effectual checks
Must the trespasses cramp
Of each purple cheeked scamp,
Who not the least cares
For the time of his "fares,"
And not much for their necks.
And some pace twixt a race and a funeral drive
Must the owners contrive, or the public, alive
To their barefaced ill-treatment, will turn in a rage
To the safe, steady, sturdy, old marrow-bone stage.

MR. COUNCILLOR SEMITERRY'S HOFF.

[THE following document reached us a week ago with this simple endorsement,—"With Mr. Councillor Semiterry's compulments. Snigbruck, August 24th, 1868." Having the leading journal, and the Hon. Stuart Wortley before our minds, we took the precaution to address a letter to the apparent sender, requesting him to disown the article if it were not genuine. As, up to proceeding to press, no reply has reached us, we beg to lay the communication before our readers.—ED. SPHINX.]

I WERE fairly beaten with business, what with fooils of spinners going to Liverpool runnin' up cotton, and fooils of buyers offering no moore when yarn's at fifteen pence nur they did when it were nobbut fourteen, and biggest fooils of all, B. O. E.'s, writen to th' pappers about it. I were fairly moythered, and if there's any man in the trade as'll stand up in the bar of the Brun Coo any Wensday neet, and lay his 'and on his art, and say as he hasner bin moythered too, I'll ston glasses round. I will for sure. Well, being fairly beaten, and it gettin' to th' back hend of the year, I detarmint to have a hoff. So I says to our Jim (he's my brother) "Jim, can I have a hoff for tuthree week, thinkst'ee." "Wur?" said he. "I meean can'st do bout me?" Jim laughed till tears rolled down his face, and then he said, "Do bout *thee!* Whoi, thou'rt like th' lad's charakter, folks are best bout thee." Having made everything straight forrud and pleshunt at the mill in this way, I begun to think where shall I go to and who must I get to go with me. The first felly I thought on were my old friend Porkampton. So the next market day I proposed as we should make up a party and have a hoff some wheres. "Come down to Dan's," says he, "and we'll talk it over." So down to Dan's we went, and we had a rare good steeuk, and Porkampton stood a bottle of fizz, and then he said, "Tommy, if you'll not say nothing to nobody, I'll interaduce you to DAN.hissel." This unexpected honour fairly took my breath. I could do no more nur squeedge his 'and and wipe away a tear. Porkampton left the room, and in a few minutes he came back again with Dan, and a finer specimen of a landlord I never see. He carried recommendation of th' place all over him. Steeuks mun be rare and prime to work up such a corporation, and there's plenty of bant i' th' liquor before you can get such a glowing-looking face. A stained window in a church, or a red end shirting were fooils to it; and he were'nt proud, neither, were'nt Dan. He shook me by th' and; he did, for sure; and we were friends directly, and so I felt bound to pay him a compulment or two. "This here place," says I, "must be th' chepest managed of any eating ouse in Manchester." Dan smiled, and said, "We are liberal, sir, but at the same time we have a hie to the main chance suttinly; but why?" "Why," says I, "you've nobbut to lay th' chops and steeuks on a counter of a ro, and put thee faze to 'em and they're cooked at oncst and no koils." Dan were delighted. "A pleasant gent is your friend," says he to Porkampton." "Aye," say he, "he's a witty chap, is Tommy; thou'rt th' Manchester Dan, and he's th' Snigbruck Sherry-Dan." Why he called me that I don't know, for I'd liever anytime have brandy, and never made no account of sherry. Well, we got to talking of our hoff, and Dan agreed to go with us; and then came th' queshun of wheere to. We all agreed to put a place down on a piece of papper, and put them in an at and go by th' majority. We did so, and when we pulled 'em out, there were all three the same—"Blackpool." Well, though we'd all put it down, when we come to talk it hover, none on us seemed to think as Blackpool would be much of a hoff. So we said, "try again," and try we did, and all came out second time "Lytham." But when we recollected as there were no coorsing on, we said we wouldn't go to Lytham, and at we'd have

another turn. And try we did again, and that time it came out "Southport." Somehow we did'nt seem to like Southport neither, but as not one of us could think of no other places, it seemed as if it must be Southport, and we sat there scratching our eds and looking very dull at th' idea of Southport, but not seein' how we were to get out of it, when a gentleman at th' next table broke in and said "Excuse me, but may I read you a hextrax." He were reading a book, and had been as silent as a shed of a Sunday, except he'd sniggered now and then, and I'd always thought he were a sniggerin' at the book he were readin', but I found out at after it were at my jokes. "It's the life of Dr. Johnson," says he, "and he's talking about folk committing shuicide, and the old Doctor says, 'Then, sir, let him go abroad to a distant country; let him go to some place where he is *not* known. Don't let him go to the devil, where he *is* known.' That may be a valuable hint to you, gentlemen." "But," says I, "we're not talking of shuicide, but a hoff." "Eh! Tommy!' says Porkampton, "Thou'rt not up to the mark, my lad. This gent means that it's a shame to limit brilliant habilities like thine to Lancashire, and that some other parts of England ought to have a fair turn." "You've hit my meaning exactly," said the stranger; and then he went on to tell us how a friend of his had a coaster steamer as would sail the next Saturday from Liverpool to th' Land's End, and how we might go by it and come whoam by London. This was just what we wanted, it was a hint worth a deal, and in five minutes we'd agreed to do it, and Porkampton left with the stranger to write and secure births for us. But it were a deal nearer deaths nor births at he secured. For when we got to Liverpool, you never see'd nought like th' river. Th' biggest ships at anchor danced like bits of cork on the water, and a blacksmith's bellies were nothing to the wind. When we got to our boat, she were only 80 horse power, and saw her popping up and down like midges over the Snig Bruck in a summer neet, we were all fairly frightened, at least I were for one, and I thought, if we go, we shall be bigger fools than we look, and that's none so easy. "Mun we start?" I said. "Mun we start?" cried Porkampton. "Why, what did we come for? I'd not give a button for a sail without a bit of a blow." I looked at Dan, and noticed as he were thinner than when we started, and a deal whiter, but Dan slapped his wescut and said, "Of course—sail, certainly; bit of a blow, of course; nothing like it," and laughed as if he were going crazy. As I think I've as much pluck as most, and I wern't going to be behind, I slapped *my* wescut too, and said, "Nothing like a blow; I'd as lieve sail upon the canal as not have a bit of a blow." But it warnt the blow I was afeared on, it were th' watter. Well, we started, and every inch we went, it grew worse and worse. Goin' up Pendle's nothing to the waves we went up, and th' worst fall in cotton were a trifle to coming down at th' other side. We could none of us stand, so we lay down, and pulled out our flasks, and had a good drain. This did us a power of good. Porkampton began singing, and sung "Rule Brightanyer;" but when I looked at the waves, I could not help thinking as Brig'htanyer were not up to much in the ruling line just then. Then they made me give 'em my electioneering speech; but I could hardly stand, and felt as if I'd a dozen shuttles weaving up and down inside of me, and before I'd done, happening to look at Dan, I shut up at oncst. He were lying on his back, groaning wretchedly, and his face were as white as a bleached mull. "Why, Dan," says I, "thou's gone into the band." Dan grunted, as much as to say, "What dost'ee mean?" "Why, I seeid thee face an hour ago were like a hinfantry sojer's coat, and now its colour of the drummer's jacket." Porkampton laughed, but Dan were too far gone, and as for myself, I could have liever cried. Things grew worse and worse, until at last the Captain came and told us at he felt it his duty to state that we met go to the bottom any minute. Then I did break down. I sate me down on an amper, and I cried like a water-spout. It was not for myself; it were for Snigbruck. "There never were but two real gentlemen in Snigbruck," I kep saying to myself, "and one on 'em was burnt on Thursday, and the other's bound to be drowned to-day. Poor Snigbruck! Poor Snigbruck!" While I were lamenting this way, I heard poor Dan mutter something aside of me, and I put my year to his mouth, and he said, "Has no one got a Kattychism?" Now, although I knew I were just as likely to find a honest buyer in Manchester as a Kattychism in my pocket, by force of habit, and to convince the poor fellow, I felt in them all, and said at last, "I have'nt; and I don't think as anyone as 'as would be at bother of finding it in this here hullabulloo." Dan closed his eyes, and his head sunk forrud on his chest, and, as I could hear him muttering, still I kep my year close to him. He were still on Kattychism. "I wish I had a Kattychism; I'd like to run over it oncest more. M. or N.....my godfathers and godmothers—oh, dear! oh, dear! If I could only get hold on a Kattychism!" I were fairly sorry for him, till I forgot myself and th' danger, which grew wusser and wusser every minute; and I whispers and says, "Dan, old chap, wouldn't an ymn do?" He opened one eye, a feint smile came over his pheeshurs, and he said, "Dos't thee know one, Tommy?" "I think I know t' *Busy Bee*," I answered; "will that do?" He rung my 'and for reply, and so I began reciting it to him; and we lay side by side theere upon 't deck, me repeating in his year, over and over agen, "Birds in their little nests agree," and him squeedging my 'and and groaning fearful; and whenever I hushed for a moment, muttering again, "O dear! I *do* wish at I'd a Kattychism!"

I should fancy that we lay a thisuns for a matter of two hours, during which time I could see Porkampton knocking about like a good one, swearing at folks at got into the rode, getting swore at hissel by the sailors, and now and then lending a hand to keep the vessle from foundarrin. Oncst or twice he came up to Dan and me and called us softies. But at length the orribul tempest fun him out. I saw him come up looking the colour of Chaney clay, and the sides of his nose twitching like, and he shuck my 'and, and he says, "Tommy, the Captain says at he cannot save us—in a few moments we shall be at the bottom." I fairly groaned. Then he turns to Dan and takes his 'and too, and said, "Good bye, old felly, we're going down." "Well," says Dan, "I shall offer no resistance. . . . M or N in my baptism—no resistance." And I really believe at he would'nt have done, so what they'd done to him. Well, Porkampton sat down near us, and rested his elbows on his knees, and hid his face in his hands, and I erd him sobbin. But in a bit he lifted up his ed, dashed away his tears, and gave his knee a great slap, and cried—"After all, I'm not a d.rned Dissenter. No, thank God for that! So what I've bin, I never was a darned Dissenter!"

I'd niver bin a Dissenter mysel—Semiterries wuz always Church and State—but it did'nt seem to cumfut me same road as it did him, for he jumped to his feet and cryed, "We're not at bottom yet, and I think we'll make Holy Ed." "Holy Ed!" I said, "Ah! Porky, I sud'nt care what it wer—ed or tail—but I wish at I'd owt Holy about me. I do for sure. But if I land I'se be better; I will for sure."

Well, we did get outside Holy Ed arbor, and the capting brunt blew lights, and the life boat came out to us, and we wus all landed more dead nor alive. And the next thing I recollect were I wuz sitting, wrapt up in blankets, before a blazin fire in the kitching of the *Taffy's Harms*; and there were Porkampton as jolly as a Scotch buyer when he's cancelled a bad order, and bawling out "Rule Brightanyer," and Dan supping brandy hot and swearin at he'd never enjoyed a sale more in all his days. Well, th' Kattychism come into my ed, and I could'nt stand this, so I got up and I said, "I'm hoff to bed, and I've this yer to say by way of good night:—So who *does'nt* go to church to morrow, *I shall*."

And go to church I did, and ad a nice nap, and we all got back to Manchester on Sunday evening, and this yer, Mr. Edhitter, were my hoff.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FIRST NOTICE.

AFTER two days' study of the pictures forming the 48th Exhibition at the Royal Manchester Institution, our first impression, which was one of disappointment, has been confirmed. It is below the average. The really good pictures are few; the bad ones also are few; respectable mediocrity, as is generally the case, but more so perhaps this year than hitherto, is the rule. Seemingly, therefore, our work as critics on this occasion is nowhere, or thereabouts, for it is easy to give praise where it is due, easier still to blame, but what can be said of pictures that are on a dead level—excepting that they are so? Leaving mediocrity, then, as too heavy and inert to be meddled with at present, but which we may have occasion to prog a little by and by, we shall proceed to offer the little praise and blame where it can be given with certainty, and at once. The great picture of the year is assuredly Mr. Mason's "Evening Hymn." Next to it in power, and not far under it in colour, is Mr. F. Walker's "Vagrants." Then come Mr. Watts's two pictures. We place Mr. Watts's below the others, not because we consider him an inferior painter, but simply because they are not so important as works of art. One, No. 90, he calls "Study of a Head," and, although a fine one, as everything from his hand is nearly sure to be, it is nothing more. Then will come Mr. Whaite's "Harvest in the Mountains." After looking at these five, you may run your eye along the line in the first room, and, with the exception of Mr. J. D. Watson's "Student," a masterly piece of work, and Mr. Archer's "Funeral of Queen Guinevere," which is thoughtfully wrought out, you will not find another good picture. You will probably hesitate at Mr. Dobson's "Christ Raising the Widow's Son;" but you will have no doubt, we should think, as to which class, good, bad, and indifferent, Mr. C. E. Halle's "First Ride to the Bracken," a girl riding on a broomstick, belongs.

But if good pictures were somewhat scarce in the first room, we are far worse off in the second, having hitherto been unable to find more than one. Mr. Burchett, however, has treated us to a few more yards of his peculiar manufacture, inferior—which we had hoped was impossible—to his "Sanctuary" of last year. Mr. H. J. Holding has two clever coast subjects from the Isle of Arran, Nos. 162 and 202; and Mr. Watson's "Stolen Meeting" is, as the Scotch say, "not bad;" but *the* picture of the room, the only picture in it worthy of a careful perusal, is undoubtedly "Via della Vita—Rome," by M. G. Brennan, a group of monks at a funeral, full of snuffy character, and not repulsive, as might have been expected.

The committee have done well in hanging Mr. McCallum's big picture, "The Last of his Race," in the middle of the fourth room, opposite the door, as, being separated by the staircase from the other three, the room is sometimes apt to be missed. Not so this year, however, for the "Last of his Race" forces himself on your attention as you come out of the first room towards the staircase. Visitors are sure to exclaim—"Hollo, a big tree on fire! we must go and look at that." The end is answered; they, as well as we, are landed in the fourth room. Having so cleverly got us there, it is a pity they had nothing to show us. "The Last of his Race" is a disappointment; he is *not* on fire, but merely lighted up by a red sunset; a deep snow had fallen on and around him, and Mr. McCallum, not content with the contrast which ordinary white snow would have given to his red illuminated trunk, has painted *his* snow *light blue*. The measure of Mr. McCallum's picture, though large, is soon taken, and we look round for something else. Unfortunately, the only other striking picture in the room is a painful one, "A Full Dress Rehearsal," by F. Barnard. We are curious to know what object the painter had in painting such a melancholy picture as this. It could not be for our delight, nor can we think the painter had any delight himself in painting it. Was it to show us what the home life of these acrobats and jugglers really was, and to stir us up to do something for them? Acrobats are something like gipsies, wedded to their way of life, and cannot well change. Our readers will see the picture. A melancholy and dirty street acrobat and juggler, in the miserable costume of his trade, is teaching his boy to stand on his head. The father is no painter's model dressed up, but is evidently carefully painted from an original; he is so fearfully like those poor creatures, so well known, and whom it is always an unhappiness to see. The father is thoroughly unhappy, and knows that he follows a miserable business. Part of his misery may be owing to the necessity he has for the lad's assistance, in helping him to win bread for the family. He knows too well that tumbling for a living is melancholy work, and looks as though he felt for his boy. It would be quite a relief to get away from this picture to something more agreeable. Unfortunately there is nothing interesting to turn to. Shall we try Keeley Halswelle's "Fish Auction," a vigorous but coarse piece of work, with nothing really well painted in it, unless it be the haddocks and the creel. Or 708—the best picture in the room, "Bringing Home Fern—Evening," by J. Archer, R.S.A., which seems weakly painted, but improves on acquaintance, and, at ten yards distance, really looks well. 686, "The Valley of the West Ockment," by H. Moore, is very like nature; and 674, "Ransacking the Cabinet," by T. J. Watson, is perhaps the second picture of importance in this room. Not nearly as powerfully painted as the other Watson's pictures. The subject, however, is well chosen, though not at all novel. There is a shocking bad portrait of the prison philanthropist in this room, and a weak one of Cobden, larger than life, little more than a rubbing in, which the owner appears to think much of, if one may judge by the marked price in the catalogue.

The collection of water-colour drawings this year is larger in quantity apparently than the committee could well manage. They have, therefore, set up two screens. This causes the room to be uncomfortably crowded, and also causes a great deal of reflection,—not upon the conduct of the committee that we hear of, who doubtless, with the limited space at their disposal, have done their best, but on the pictures. The drawings on the sides of the screens next the middle of the room can be pretty well seen, but those on the other sides get no direct light whatever. The unfortunate drawings, therefore, especially those on the back of Screen No. 1, might almost as well not have been hung at all.

MODEL WIVES.

A DUTCH history of Iceland—about as exhaustively useful as Count Smorltalk's diary of a fortnight's journey through the Three Kingdoms—contains a chapter concerning the snakes to be found in that inhospitable island. It sums up the store of information acquired upon the subject in the pithy statement that "There are no snakes in Iceland." Briefly, that is our position. We should be quite justified in saying "There are no model wives," and in forthwith applying ourselves to the elucidation of some more congenial and fruitful subject. Still, as one of the peculiar advantages of anonymous writing is that an ungallant married scribbler is enabled to deal with subjects of a delicate nature undeterred by fear of domestic squabbles, there is some encouragement to us to enlarge our infinitesimal stock of information into a more visible shape.

Those accomplished and untiring observers of human nature who have given to a grateful world the privilege of studying the manners and customs of their fellow-creatures, as developed in the intricacies of a three-volume novel, have rarely, in the course of their long and industrious lives, been able to discover specimens,—undoubted genuine instances—of the class to which we have referred. One often enough hears of the immortal heroines of Shakspere, and the equally immortal dittoes of Walter Scott. Those colossi of literature are supposed to have monopolised all knowledge of this peculiar subject. If anyone could be supposed to know anything of the matter, they should; and, as they systematically shirk the responsibility of presenting their students with the portrait of a model wife, it is quite fair to suppose that they regarded the existence of such a phenomenon as completely out of the question. Some of Shakspeare's heroines are sweet and charming creatures—his married heroines, we mean—and not a bit too good for daily food; but it is impossible for us to think that they approach the model. His unmarried heroines, of course, are perfect, or as nearly so as is absolutely desirable; but even he has a cowardly trick of leaving them at the end of the play, just at the time when their most objectionable characteristics are likely

to come into full view. Rosalind, now, for instance, is on her best behaviour during all that interesting business in the Forest of Arden. But does any person—any male person of experience—doubt that, say half-dozen years later, she would have developed several much less agreeable phases in her character; and that, in conjunction with Celia, she would have done a good deal towards rendering both Orlando and his brother slightly less infatuated on the ground of their personal perfections? That the "immortal William" had theories of his own on the subject, the course of treatment to which Petruchio subjected his termagant bride shows to demonstration. But it was all a mistake. Shakspere knew, though he didn't care to make it clear to his readers, that the curtain would hardly have time to drop before the tables would be turned, and that Katherine would enter upon a well-planned course of connubial action, which would end in completely taking "the conceit out of him." Hermione now comes nearer to one's idea of a model wife than any ideal creation we can at present call to mind; and yet we can't get rid of an unpleasant suspicion that there really was more in that flirtation with the King of Bohemia than is generally believed. The Delphic Oracle is a bad substitute for the Court of Divorce, which would have sifted the matter in a twinkling. As for Scott, now. We used to have good hopes of Rowena, until Thackeray, who had, after all, a keener insight into the possibilities of a matrimonial speculation than the author of *Waverly*, proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that Ivanhoe had a very bad time with her, and was at last obliged to take himself off, and leave the field clear to Athelstane of Coningsburgh. We have a slight misgiving in favour of Jeannie Deans; but, from her excessive allowance of prudence in youth, we have more than half an idea that she led Dominie Butler a dog's life in the sequel, and that, under favourable circumstances, she would have made an excellent stepmother.

We suppose it is of no use quoting Thackeray. Of course, if we believe everybody, he was a shocking cynic, who never saw any good in human nature, and who summed up his researches on the subject in the disgraceful statement that "Man is fearfully and wonderfully made—especially woman." The creator of Becky Sharp and Mrs. Mackenzie would scarcely be likely to see his way clear to the photograph of a wife possessing every virtue under the sun and none of the vices. And yet, Thackeray has, in *Pendennis*, drawn a portrait which must have unpleasantly astonished inveterate believers in his ruthless cynicism. Thackeray must have invented Laura partly by accident. There was no escaping her. She was necessary as a foil to that abominable but very real little humbug Blanche Amory, and only developed into a prodigy of amiability as she became indispensible to the consecutive production of monthly parts in yellow covers. Thackeray fell in love with her, and trotted her out at intervals in his succeeding works. She plays an important part in the *Newcomes*, and can by no possibility be dispensed with in *Philip and his Fortunes*. Still the author knew better than to leave her entirely unchanged after half-a-dozen years of married life. After, we suppose, anxiously debating in his own mind as to what would be the mildest failing he could bestow upon her, he settled that, in addition to a slight sprinkling of gray hairs, it would be most natural to endow her with a faculty—a slight one, but tending towards Caudleism—of lecturing her husband at fit and proper seasons. Dickens has an attempt at a model wife in *David Copperfield*. David's second venture is distinctly of this class. But she is far too "goody," and Dickens, like Thackeray, is so evidently of opinion that the attempt was a failure, that neither of those great writers has ever ventured to repeat the endeavour. They are very nice, no doubt, but they are *lusus naturæ*. They are much more uncommon than black swans, days that deserve to be marked with a white stone, or friends that are wildly anxious to lend you money. There is no "human nature" about them. Mrs. Caudle makes one laugh, though it is a question whether the proportion of those who can afford to do so without an *arrière pensée* or a compensating grimace, is not of the smallest. At Mrs. Mackenzie, or that dreadful woman in *Our Mutual Friend*, whose name we are happy enough to have forgotten, one doesn't laugh except on the wrong side of the face. They are only too true, and if novelists confine themselves to truth and "human nature," of which Sam Slick says there is a good deal in this world, they will refrain from inventing Lauras and Agneses, and will do a large stroke of business in characters of the Becky Sharp and Mercy Pecksniff breed.

There are a good many people—bachelors of course—who will believe, and no persuasion will prevent them, that there *are* snakes in Iceland. There are model wives, or, if there are not, there may be. *Their* wives will be models. Bachelors' wives, according to the old adage, are always well governed, and modern experience may supplement the proverb to the effect that, since the time of the patriarchs, no one else's are known to be. Old Tomkins, who is frightfully henpecked, is, behind his back, much commented upon by Simpkins, who is engaged to his daughter, and who has taken a mean advantage of the opportunities that have been afforded him of witnessing the system of judicious repression adopted by his prospective mother-in-law. Mrs. Tomkins is rather an unfavourable example, Simpkins allows; but why doesn't the old man take the affair up seriously, and be master in his own house? Of course, it is Tomkins's own fault; and he, Simpkins, will manage matters very differently one of these days. Not that there will be much need of management. Mary Ann does not in the least resemble her mother, and is not only infinitely better looking and more accomplished than the old lady could ever possibly have been, but is exceedingly amiable, a point in which she must take after some remote branch of the family. Some day Simpkins will find out his mistake—at least, we devoutly hope so, if it is only to afford old Tomkins a slight satisfaction, and to take him down a peg or two. And when Simpkins has waxed old, and has marriageable daughters to dispose of, his soul will be vexed by the nauseous observations which Robinson, in the mature fullness of his experience, will let fall as to the undesirability of female government, and the idiotcy of abdicating one's proper position.

EGYPTIAN DARKNESS.

Some persons may possibly have wondered to what religion the Gipsies belong. We cannot positively assert the particular sect of which they profess themselves members, but we can safely say that they have, and always had, a strong inclination to Rome, (roam) although we could not be sure whether their great partiality for camp-meetings may not augur their adherence to a very different persuasion.

A HOST-ILE DISTINCTION.

The difference between ultra-ritualists and ultra-ridicals is not very great. The former go in for elevation of the host, and the latter for elevation of the masses.

REFLECTION BY A CRUSTY OLD BACHELOR.—Misfortunes never come single; every wife has a corresponding mother-in-law.

A VERY PARTICULAR FRIEND.—The "auld acquaintance" who won't put his name to a small bill.

REAL PUBLIC SPIRIT.—Gin from a Vaults.

J. M. W. TURNER.

MR. LLEWELYN JEWITT writes to the *Art Journal*, that at the sale of the effects of a family living in one of the most secluded spots in the High Peak of Derbyshire —Brookfield, near Hathersage—"two charming early drawings by Mr. J. M. W. Turner have, within the last few months, most unexpectedly 'turned up,' and, after remaining in the family to which they were presented by the great master, in 1824, have been brought to the hammer and disposed of." The drawings, which are companions, are each of the same size, thirteen inches by nine; one is called "Coast Scene—Sunrise," the other "A Mountainous Landscape." They were presented by the painter to his old friend James Holworthy, also an artist, on the occasion of his marriage, and it would seem that Holworthy, not fully understanding that they were a gift, must have written to Turner, asking or hinting something as to their price. This drew from Turner the following curious and interesting letter, which had been carefully preserved by the family, and was exhibited at the sale :—

April 30, 1824.

DEAR HOLWORTHY,—I shall feel uncomfortable if anything should in this note give you any pain; but when I look back upon the length of time you took to acknowledge the receipt of the drawings, and withheld the pleasure I expected of at least hearing if Mrs. Holworthy (to whom, in your mutual happiness, I certainly presented *one*) approved; but your letter treats both so like a commission that I feel my pride wounded and my independence seized. I should be happy to receive any presents of recollection you may, with Mrs. H., think of to send me, and will keep alive my high considerations, but money is out of the question in the present case. It gives me great pleasure to hear from Mr. Phillips of your comforts at Green Hill, and I may, perhaps, if you have as great a regard for auld lang syne as myself, witness *all;* and though I may not ever be blest with Half, yet you may believe me that it gave me the greatest pleasure to hear, and will continue to give to the end of this sublunary turmoil, for I do not mean my comforts or miseries to be any measure of the like in others. When you come to town I have a great many interrogations to make—not in doubt, but for want of experience in these matters, and I do not hesitate to acknowledge it in offering my respects to Mrs. Holworthy.—Believe me to be, dear Holworthy, yours most truly, J. M. W. TURNER.

J. Holworthy, Esq., Green Hill.

At the sale the two drawings fetched the sum of £540. Mr. Jewitt says, "Another highly interesting Turner relic was brought to light at the same time. It is a round snuff-box, two and five-eighth inches in diameter, made out of the lava of Mount Vesuvius, which Turner used as a pallette during his tour, and which he presented to his friend Holworthy. This interesting relic sold for £60. A splendid copy of the "Liber Studiorum," with autograph of Turner, was also disposed of at the sale, and realised £195.

OUT FOR TRAINING.—In a good militia regiment the work is no joke, even for officers, while it lasts. *Réveillé* sounds usually at 5.40; sergeant major's parade for non-commissioned officers and men from 6 to 7.30. If the regiment is in barracks the day's rations of bread and meat are distributed at 7.30, the orderlies being present with their pannikins to carry off the supplies for their respective rooms, under the general superintendance of one of the officers of the day. The men usually breakfast at 8 o'clock, and the captain and subaltern on duty, accompanied by a regimental orderly sergeant, make a tour of the various barrack-rooms to ascertain that the breakfasts are properly distribu ed, and that there are no complaints. It is also the duty of these officers to see that the rooms are neat, the windows open, and the bedding regimentally folded. The orderly sergeants of each company are in attendance to exercise a general supervision over the behaviour of the men during meals, and to report any absentees. After their breakfast the men are busy cleaning their accoutrements for commanding officer's parade, which is usually held at 11 o'clock. At perhaps 10 o'clock the orderly-room bugle sounds, and the commanding officer betakes himself to the orderly-room, where, surrounded by captains of companies, and counselled by the adjutant, he administers justice in petty sessions. The prisoners who have been confined in the guard-room during the preceding day and night are marshalled in front of the orderly-room under the sergeant major, and the pay and company sergeants are in attendance with their defaulter-books, which tney hand to their captains, who refer to them for a chronicle of the previous misdoings of such of their men who may happen to be in durance that morning. The men are brought in one by one, according to the order in which they stand on the guard-report, a formidable looking document prepared by the sergeant of the guard, and containing a list of the prisoners, the hour at which they were confined, the nature of their offence, and the officers or non-commissioned officers who confined them. This is checked by a number of minor documents, technically called 'crimes,' which are prepared by the pay-sergeants of companies and signed by their captains, containing the same information as far as relates to the company which it represents. As each prisoner is brought in, the adjutant, who acts as magistrate's clerk, reads out the culprit's offence and calls the 'evidences.' The offence is usually proved by one of the sergeants of the prisoner's company, and he is supported by the evidence of the sergeant of the guard as far as his knowledge of the case goes. The prisoner's captain then reads out from the company defaulter-book any recent crimes that may have been entered against his name, together with the punishments that were awarded him, winding-up with a general statement as to the quality of the prisoner's character. Upon these data the commanding officer grounds the sentence which he intends to pass, and as soon as it is passed the prisoner is marched out, and the 'crime' entered by the captain in the company defaulter-book. If it should happen that a sergeant or corporal is under arrest, the prisoner's escort, and all others under the prisoner's rank are ordered out of the orderly-room, that the prisoner's authority may not be impaired by his being exhibited under humiliating circumstances to his regimental inferiors. At 11 o'clock commanding officer's parade until 1 o'clock. At 1 o'clock, or perhaps at half-past 1, the men dine, the officer's of the day going round the dinners as they went round the breakfasts, taking note of all complaints and all absentees. It frequently happens that the meat is tough or, in parts, tainted, or that the messes have not been fairly divided, or that the bread is sour; and in any of these cases the officer on duty is sure to hear of it. They are a dainty set of men when out for training are these militiamen, and they are capital hands at looking after their own interests. I know a case in which an inveterate grumbler was effectually silenced by the officer of the day sitting down to the plate of meat of which complaint had been made, and eating every scrap of it, while the hungry grumbler stood at 'attention.' Adjutant's parade at perhaps 3 o'clock, lasting until 5, and at 5 o'clock the men are finally dismissed drill for the day, unless they are 'for guard or picket,' or 'confined to barracks,' in which latter case they have to undergo an hour's extra drill in heavy marching order, under the regimental orderly sergeant.—*London Society.*

WHAT IS A RUMPSTEAK?—Ask for a "bifstek" in the Palais Royal par exemple, and François, or Pierre, will bring you a little lump of beef of a pleasant savoury brown colour, a little crimsoned, embedded in crisp shavings of baked potatoes. You know that the white-capped chef has longed to anoint with sauce Robert, Sorel, Sharp, or Tomato, to remove its barbarous simplicity. It eats well and tender, but a little tasteless, and it is without much natural fat of its own, the Norman beast being of the lean kine genus, and by no means a bull of Bashan; you eat, and as you eat patiently, you ruminate on the past life of the unknown animal, part of which you are devouring. But a London steak is a far different thing; it is thicker, fatter, juicier, and of a rarer merit; it has been beaten worse than any Christian galley slave by the Turks, and has been broiled with a learned and almost unerring instinct. It requires no effort of digestion, it melts in the mouth like a peach, passes at once into the blood, and goes straight to recruit the heart. It is a sort of meat fruit, and merely requires the soft pressure of the lips. Broiling, to tell the truth however, requires no common mind. To broil is to perform an operation which is the result of centuries of experience acquired by a nation that relishes, always did relish, and probably always will relish, broils. It requires cleanliness, watchfulness, patience, profound knowledge of great chemical laws, a quick eye, and a swift hand. The Homeric heroes are supposed to have lived on broils, and this branch of cooking is deserving of the utmost respect. A young cook should be always informed that it takes years to learn how to broil a rump steak; for a thousand impish difficulties surround the broiler, and do their worst to spoil the dainty morsel, and prevent its reaching the expectant jaws. If the gridiron be not bright as silver, and clean between the bars, the meat will suffer. If the bars be not rubbed with suet, they will print themselves on the steak. If the fire be not bright and clear, there is no hope for the broiler. If the broil be hurried, it will be smoked or burnt. If the gridiron be over heated before the steak is put on it, it will scorch the steak. If the gridiron be cold, the part of the meat covered by the bars will be underdone. If the gridiron be not kept slanting, the constant flare and smoke, from the fat streaming into the fire, will spoil the steak. If no salt be sprinkled on the fire, the meat will very likely taste of brimstone, which the salt should exorcise. Few people seem to know that rump steaks are not at their best, except from October to April. It is only in the colder months that they can be taken from meat hung at least four days to make it tender. When fresh, they are mere fibrous masses of unconquerable gristly fibre. A good steak often turned to prevent burning, and to keep the gravy at the centre, takes ten minutes to broil. It should be eaten with a tablespoonful of warmed catsup, and a little finely minced shalot.—*All The Year Round.*

THE ATLANTIC CABLE ROUTE OVER THE SILENT HIGHWAY.—It is a prodigious plain—one of the widest and most even plains in the world. If the sea were drained off, you might drive a wagon all the way from Valentia, on the west coast of Ireland, to Trinity Bay, in Newfoundland. And, except upon one sharp incline about 200 miles from Valentia, I am not quite sure that it would even be necessary to put the skid on, so gentle are the ascents and descents upon that long route. From Valentia the road would lie down hill for about 200 miles to the point at which the bottom is now covered by 1,700 fathoms of sea-water. Then would come the central plain, more than 1,000 miles wide, the inequalities of the surface of which would be hardly perceptible, though the depth of water upon it now varies from 10,000 to 15,000 feet; and there are places in which Mont Blanc might be sunk, without showing its peak above water. Beyond this the ascent on the American side commences, and gradually leads, for about 300 miles, to the Newfoundland shore. Almost the whole of the bottom of this central plain (which extends for many hundred miles in a north and south direction) is covered by a fine mud, which, when brought to the surface, dries into a greyish-white friable substance. You can write with this on a black board, if you are so inclined, and to the eye it is quite like very soft, greyish chalk. Examined chemically, it proves to be composed almost wholly of carbonate of lime; and if you make a section of it in the same way as that of the piece of chalk was made, and view it with the microscope, it presents innumerable *Globigerinæ*, embedded in a granular matrix. Thus this deep-sea mud is substantially chalk. I say substantially, because there are a good many minor differences; but as these have no bearing upon the question immediately before us—which is the nature of the *Globigerinæ* of the chalk—it is unnecessary to speak of them. *Globigerinæ* of every size, from the smallest to the largest, are associated together in the Atlantic mud, and the chambers of many are filled by a soft animal matter. This soft substance is, in fact, the remains of the creature to which the *Globigerinæ* shell, or rather skeleton, owes its existence—and which is an animal of the simplest imaginable description. It is, in fact, a mere particle of living jelly, without defined parts of any kind—without a mouth, nerves, muscles, or distinct organs, and only manifesting its vitality to ordinary observation, by thrusting out and retracting, from all parts of its surface, long filamentous processes, which serve for arms and legs. Yet this amorphous particle, devoid of everything which in the higher animals we call organs, is capable of feeling, growing, and multiplying; of separating from the ocean the small proportion of carbonate of lime which is dissolved in sea-water; and of building up that substance into a skeleton for itself, according to a pattern which can be imitated by no other known agency. The notion that animals can live and flourish in the sea at the vast depths from which apparently living *Globigerinæ* have been brought up, does not agree very well with our usual conceptions respecting the conditions of animal life; and it is not so absolutely impossible as it might at first sight appear to be, that the *Globigerinæ* of the Atlantic sea-bottom do not live and die where they are found—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY CHARLES DICKENS.—A French author, who wished to write a biography of Charles Dickens, wrote to that gentleman for materials, but received none, Mr. Dickens replying that he "had long ago formed the intention of writing an autobiography."

ENGLISH AND SPANISH ENJOYMENT.—To be able to enjoy rational ease is a better point in an industrious man's character than to have made himself a millionaire. The worst of it is that our ease is so apt to become as laborious as our industry. The Spaniard smoking his cigarette of indifferent tobacco in the sunshine does enjoy himself. The man of commercial type is never sure that he is enjoying his ease until he has found out that it has cost him so much more than the pleasure of his acquaintance. The competition which reigns in his serious pursuits curses him in his so-called gaieties. If he knows that he has spent £500 more than his most intimate friend in making a yacht stupidly gorgeous or filling his house with superb vulgarities, then his soul is moderately at ease. In other words ever so much of his enjoyment of his treasures resides less in the absolute delight or comfort which they bring him for themselves than in the consciousness of the defeat which they inflict upon other people as vulgar as himself, or of the immense quantity of money they cost. The indispensable condition of pleasure with him is that he is taking it in the most costly form possible. Now surely a man who can get as hearty enjoyment out of a cigarette in the sunshine as your rich Briton out of a shilling Havanna to be smoked in a room that must have cost more money to fit up than other room of the kind in London or Manchester, is by so much the better of the two in the eyes of heaven and sensible men.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

MR. CARLYLE'S WRITINGS.—A correspondent of the *Bookbuyer*, a bibliographical magazine, states that Mr. Thomas Carlyle is now preparing a standard library edition of his complete writings, to appear in handsome style, forming a series of from twenty to thirty volumes in octavo. They will be published in London by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, and in New York by Scribner, Welford, and Co. The works will enjoy every advantage of the author's revision; they will be accompanied with illustrations, where necessary, as in the *Life of Frederick The Great*, and will, in fact, appear in the form that they are destined by the author to assume for future generations. The first volume will contain the immortal *Sartor Resartus*, and may be expected about November. The usual price of the volume will probably be half a guinea each, but will vary with the size of the various works, as each will be (where it is possible) complete in a single volume. They will follow after the first in monthly succession till completed.

We conclude from the quantity of sea salt contained in the water of the ocean, that if it were spread over the surface of the globe, it would form a layer of more than thirty feet in height.—*The Ocean World. By Louis Figuier.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the *Sphinx* Office, 149, Deansgate, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

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TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF MANCHESTER.

Gentlemen,—I again respectfully present myself to you as a candidate for the representation of my native city in Parliament.

That in so short a time as three weeks nearly 11,000 electors should have signed a requisition pledging themselves to do all in their power to secure my return is a circumstance unprecedented in the history of our elections, and affords a striking proof of the reality of political convictions in Manchester.

Without attaching a personal significance to this manifestation of your opinion, an explanation is easy. The contest of last winter has impressed you with the belief that in me you have a sound and honest Liberal, not afraid to express his own political views, whilst he respects the rights and feelings of others; and you probably also think that my commercial connection with the prosperity of this city affords a guarantee for my attention to your local wants and interests.

If I mistake not, the country is determined that the State Church in Ireland—the last badge of conquest and ascendency—shall cease to exist in that country as an Establishment, and assume the position she has so long occupied in Scotland, and now occupied in the colonies. If we had forced our religious convictions upon the inhabitants of India, or if the inhabitants of Scotland had not freed themselves from the Episcopal Church, so alien to their religious instincts, both India and Scotland would at this moment have been as discontented with English rule as Ireland herself.

I am an attached member of the Church of England, and in favour of the union of Church and State in this country—where that union is real, and based upon the willing assent of the nation; but, in my humble opinion, to talk of the English and Irish Church standing and falling together is to echo a false cry, highly dangerous to both.

Mr. Gladstone proposes to secure to Ireland the fabric of her cathedrals and churches, her glebe houses, and all private endowments, as well as carefully to respect all existing rights, and to deal only with the future. In the interests of peaceful government, I earnestly hope that these terms will be accepted, and that we shall hear no more of levelling up, nor of universal religious endowment.

Education, both in its higher departments in our universities and in its primary forms in our elementary schools, must become truly national and efficient, with equal rights and privileges for all; but I am not prepared to sanction a system of compulsory education, enforced by the policeman or inspector, until it has been shown that the institution of local boards and local machinery have failed in their objects. Place education within reach of the masses, which has never yet been done, and the boon will be accepted for its own sake.

A real and business-like economy has to be enforced upon the Government, not only by a direct reduction of taxation, but also by a thorough departmental reform, especially in our huge naval and military establishments, so that every pound of expenditure shall represent twenty shillings of efficiency.

The vexatious, and in its practical effect, the cruel restrictions on the exercise of the franchise embodied in the ratepaying clauses of the Reform Bill, must be expunged from the statute book. A vote once granted should be free, and not attended by penalties based on a sham principle. The idea of a personal payment of rates was dropped as untenable, and its operation survives only in a shape which, together with the abolition of rate compounding, is productive of the greatest inconvenience and heartburning amongst the labouring classes.

I am not opposed to working men's associations. Capital expressed by labour and capital in money have co-equal rights, and their interests are mutual. Preferential protection of either would be unjust. But I have never been able to understand why the funds of trade unions established and employed for legal purposes should be placed beyond the pale of the law, and be subjected to the depredations of dishonest officials. No question of our time more imperatively demands that both sides should be heard than that connected with the labour market and the capital which is to employ that labour; and if I have the honour to become one of the representatives of this great industrial community, my earnest endeavours will be given towards the solution of these problems.

I have never liked the principle of secret voting, especially when the restricted franchise heretofore in operation made every voter as it were the trustee and representative of many of his neighbours. Now that a vote is placed within the reach of the great body of the people, this objection has become correspondingly weakened, and the mechanical conveniencies of the ballot, which are indisputable, may with propriety be considered in future legislation. The true remedy for intimidation, however, is to be found in the comparative equalisation of constituencies, and it seems to me a great reflection on our legislation, and on public opinion itself if we cannot protect a man in the exercise of his vote whilst he records it in the light of day.

Sanitary reform, and the prevention of avoidable sources of mortality—fortunately for the happiness of mankind—greatly occupy public attention, and have naturally engaged much of my time in the earlier part of my life, and I hope the knowledge thus gained may be useful.

Such, gentlemen, are my political principles, which, being honestly entertained, will be honestly advocated. It is impossible, and if possible, it would be undesirable, that all minor differences should be merged in a stagnant uniformity of opinion. Out of discussion and conflict come truth and advancement, and I am sure the electors of Manchester will pardon the length at which I have endeavoured to lay before them the grounds of my political faith, desiring as I do, above all things, that there shall be no concealment as to my views.—I am, gentlemen, your faithful and obedient servant,

Portland-street, Aug. 11, 1868. MITCHELL HENRY.

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